

ALAN ORD, bass

accompanied by

Grant Hurst, pianist

**Friday, March 8, 1991
8 pm**

Convocation Hall
Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program



PROGRAM

Che fiero costume	Giovanni Legrenzi (1626-1699)
Maledetto sia l'aspetto	Claudio Monteverdi (1657-1643)
Vittoria mio core	Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Concert aria Non so d'onde viene (1787)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
--	--

<u>Three German Ballads</u> Erlkönig (1818) Tom der Reimer (1867) Odins Meeresritt (1854)	Carl Loewe (1796-1869)
--	---------------------------

INTERMISSION

From <u>The St. Matthew Passion</u> (1727) Mache dich, mein Herze, rein	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
--	--------------------------------------

Money, O! (1929)	Michael Head (1900-1976)
Birds in the High Hall-Garden (1898)	Arthur Somervell (1862-1937)
The Droll Lover (1929)	Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

<u>Three Spirituals</u> Some times I feel like a Motherless Child Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen Deep River	arr. Harry T Burleigh (1866-1949)
--	--------------------------------------

PROGRAM NOTES

Old Italian Arias

Many of the songs from this early age of music in Italy are arias from opera, oratorio, and cantatas. Legrenzi was born in Bergamo and died in Venice where he was choirmaster of St. Marks. Monteverdi was born in Cremona and died in Venice where he also was choirmaster of St. Marks. He is the first great composer of opera and had a strong influence on the development of opera as a form. Carissimi is noted for his influence in the development of both the cantata and oratorio.

The Concert Aria

Mozart reserved some of his most difficult composition for voice for the concert aria. These display pieces were usually written for a particular singer. In this case it was Ludwig Fischer, a famous basso profondo of his day and created the role of Osmin in Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio."

Three German Ballads

Born two months before Schubert, in 1796, Carl Loewe outlived his great contemporary over forty years, dying highly respected and honoured in 1869. He composed operas, oratorios, choral music; won a reputation as a conductor, pianist and as a singer with a fine tenor voice and handsome presence. Above all, he composed several hundred songs which won him a place among the great masters of the German *Lied*. Many consider him the greatest master of the German *Ballad*.

The ballad or narrative poem, often based on an encounter with a supernatural being, was a very popular domestic entertainment in the latter part of the 18th and early part of the 19th centuries Germany.

Goethe produced perhaps the most famous ballad of all, *Erlkönig*, a poem which Loewe set even after hearing Schubert's version. Loewe's setting is considered by many, including Richard Wagner, to be superior. In this poem based upon a 16th century Danish legend, the king of the elves preys on and destroys the unwary traveller. Theodor Fontane's *Tom der Reimer* text is based on an old Scottish ballad, one that also inspired Sir Walter Scott and belongs to the same world of contact between man and the supernatural. Odins *Meeresritt*, a setting of the poem by Aloys Schreiber, is based on the Scandinavian mythological character Odin: god of wisdom, culture, war and the dead.

(Alan Ord)

TRANSLATIONS

Che fiero costume (What a Barbarous Custom)

What a barbarous custom of the winged god,
who by force of pain makes me adore him.
And yet in my ardor, the betraying god
Makes me idolize a vague illusion.
what a cruel destiny that a young baby,
With milk yet on his mouth,
Should have such power.
But this Tyrant, with cruel suffering,
Enters through my eyes and makes me sigh.

Maledetto sia l'aspetto (Cursed Be the Vision)

Cursed be the vision that make me sad.
Afterwards I feel a guilty torment;
Afterwards I am dead.
The relief in it is my faith only in you.
Guilty lady, who always wishes
To wound me to death,
Makes joke of my passion, wishes me in pain,
Who makes me swoon so that I die this day.

Vittoria, mio core (Victory, My Heart)

Victory, my heart weeps no longer
We are free from the abject slavery of Love
The scorn for your suffering which I see in her glances.
Her false ways, spreading deception.
The deceit and torment are gone for me.
The blaze of violent fire is extinguished!

Non so d'onde viene (I Do Not Know from Whence)

Recit.

Alcandro, I confess, I am astonished.

The face, the eyes, the voice of him
awaken a sudden palpitation in my heart,
so that I feel it in every fiber.

Among all my thoughts I seek the reason
and do not find it.

What can it be, just gods, this that I experience?

Aria

I do not know from whence comes that tender emotion,
That impuse, unknown to me, is born in
my bosom, that chill, that runs through my veins.
It awaken such bitter conflicts in my bosom,
and it does not seem that pity is enough.

Erlkönig (The Erlking)

Who rides so late through the night and the wind?

It is the father with this child;

he folds the boy close in his arms,

he clasps him securely, he holds him warmly.

"My son, why do you hide your face so anxiously?"

"Father, don't you see the Erlking?

The Erlking with his crown and his train?"

"My son, it is a streak of mist."

"Dear child, come, go with me!

I'll play the prettiest games with you.

Many coloured flowers grow along the shore;

my mother has many golden garments."

"My father, my father, and don't you hear
the Erlking whispering promise to me?"

"Be quiet, stay quiet, my child;

the wind is rustling in the dead leaves."

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein (Make Thyself Clean, My Heart)

Recit

In the eveing, when it was cool,
Adam's fall was manifest.
In the evening the Redeemer casts him down;
In the evening the dove returned
and carried an olive leaf in it smouth.
O beautiful time! O evening hour!
Peace is now made wiht God,
for Jesus has endured His Cross.
His body comes to rest.
ah, dear soul, pritheee
go, gid them give thee the dead Jesus.
O wholesome, O precious keepsake!

Aria

Make thyself clean, my heart,
I will myself entomb Jeus,
for He shall henceforth in me,
for ever and ever,
take His sweet rest.
World, begone, let Jesus in!
Make thyself...